THE YOUNG LAIRD AND *EDINBURGH KATY.*

NOW wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen
Coming down the Street, my Jo,
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bonny braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,
That never wiſht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *KATY* wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while,
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Simmer's gawn to ſmile:

The

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hynd,
In ilky Dale, Green, Shaw, and Park
Will nouriſh Health and glad ye'r Mind.

SOON as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burnſide and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow:
We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the Velvet Fog.

THERE's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, ſaft, and flowery Den,
Which circl'ing Birks has form'd a Bower:
When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's ANSWER.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get leave
To look to my Loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

RIGHT fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor *Katy*,
When e'er ye keek in ye'r toom Coffer.

For

FOR tho my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer,
To twin wi' his Gear.
And see we had need to be tenty.

TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion.
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

A. R.

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